

Oct. 10, 1936

Dear Harold,

Old buddy you can certainly write a heartening letter. It's better for us than a pep pill (whatever that is) or Geritol to keep the tired old blood from curdling.

Both of us realize that people have stolen from you. But what the hell? Simply get the word around. Really, we're so few, we must stick together.

On re-reading your letter: For Heaven's sake, get well. You are extremely important.

You have by far the best book. Still not too crazy about your subtitle. But it may get readers that otherwise you wouldn't have had...For Pete's sake, get that typewriter fixed. All your caps are jumping.

Probably I was the one to cloud the issue on Sylvia and Epstein. He called her twice the night you were doing the panel, and of course I'm only listening to a one-eme thing.

Big Daddy is out of town, but the pictures you ask for are probably going to be almost impossible to get.

You are most welcome to anything which we latch onto. But we don't seem to be latching on to much.

Yes, Penn does a lot of the telephone (call-in) thing. In fact, many times the switchboard is jammed. Some are nuts, some are very intelligent. But the old boy fields them pretty well.

Now a word to Lillian - and let's do get on a first name basis - listen, honey, you and I should travel together. So far as planes, I hate, despise and loath them. I have possibly flown ~~3000~~ 100,000 miles. That should be put in hours. Except I can't do it. When I entered the university, planes were slow, and I usually flew back and forth from school on the wretched things... I also would fly to Pennsylvania to see my mother's people.

You talk about ear trouble. I haven't had it for three months, but one time we were going from Mexico City to Apaculco, it was murder. Planes were not pressurized, and you take it from 8000 ft. to sea level and back. On that one I had a six weeks spell. They ran lighted lights up my nose. You name it, they did it. I thought I was going nuts.

Even on pressurized planes there are a few tricks, and I'm an

expert. About a year ago, when we were going to England, I got slightly worried and checked an ear specialist. You see, I have six ear drum punctures in one ear, and two in the other. When they did the punctures, they explain it's somewhat like a bass drum. A slit can heal, but if the ear drum bursts, then there's a tremendous amount of healing.

So this doctor gives me what I call my "airplane glue" and I sniff it five minutes before takeoff, and five minutes before landing. I don't know what it is, simply clears out the esophagus passages. Also YAWN with a capitol Y. Our oldest boy is a skin diver, and he says get a drink of water, hold your breath, and drink it while holding your breath. But yawn is the best of all. For me, that is.

Christmas before last, guess what Big Daddy gave me for Christmas. Flight lessons, and I didn't speak to him all Christmas day. Penn and the youngest boy dragged me to the airport, and the instructor threw me on the plane. Meanwhile, I'm cussing like a mule skinner.

But really flying around in that little Cessna wasn't too bad. You have a sensation of movement. Ground school was something else again. It was harder than any course I ever took at the university...It's weather, weather, weather. Maintenance, maintenance, maintenance. Navigation, navigation, navigation. I never did want to be a private pilot. Maybe a navigator for Penn. Anyway, Mike Penn and I eventually quit.

If you can find "The Probable Cause" in paperback, get it. It will certainly reassure any fears that you might have. Planes are much more safe than cars.

Well, honey, when Penn and Harold get together again, let's you and I walk on water. Or something.

With friendship to both of you, and Lillian, if you ever have the time, write me. We've got one thing in common, for sure - we're both crazy about our husbands. And that ain't bad, podnuk.

* Early days, when planes weren't pressurized.

K. G.